

The Historie of

Fal. You rogue, here's Lime in this Sack too, there is nothing but rogerie to be found in villanous man; yet a coward is worse then a cup of Sack with Lime in it. A villanous Coward, go thy way yes old *Iacke*, die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood be not forgot vpon the face of the earth, then am I a stotten Herring: there liues not three good men vnhandd in England, and one of them is fatte, and growes old; God helpe the while, a bad world I say: I would I were a Weauer, I could sing Psalmes, or any thing. A plague of all Cowards, I say still.

Prin. How now Wollacke, what mutter you?

Fals. A Kings sonne? if I doe not beat thee out of thy Kingdome with a dagger of Lath, and driue all thy Subiectes afore thee like a flocke of Wild-geese, Ile neuer weare haire on my face more, you *Prince of Wales*.

Prin. Why you horsen round man, what's the matter?

Fal. Are you not a Coward? answere me to that, and *Poin* there.

Prin. Zounds ye fat paunch, and ye call me Coward, by the Lord Ile stab thee.

Fal. I call thee Coward? Ile see thee damnde eare I call thee Coward, but I would giue a thousand pound I could run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your backe: call you that backing of your friendes? a plague vpon such backing: giue me them that will face me. Giue me a cup of Sack, I am a rogue if I drunke to day.

Pri. O villaine, thy lips are scarce wip'd since thou drunkst last.

Fal. All's one for that.

He drinks.

A plague of all Cowards still say I.

Prin. Whats the matter?

Fal. Whats the matter? here be foure of vs, haue tane a thousand pound this morning.

Prin. Where is it? *Iacke*, where is it?

Fals. Where is it? taken from vs it is: a hundred vpon poore foure of vs.

Prin. What, a hundred man?

Fal. I am a rogue, if I were not at halfe sword, with a dozen of them two houres together. I haue scaped by myracle. I am eight times thrust through the Doublet, foure through the

Hose,

Henry the fou

Hose, my Buckler cut through and like a hand-saw, *ecce signum*. I neuer man, al would not doe. A plague of if they speake more or leise then the sonnes of darknesse.

Gad. Speake, sirs, how was it?

Rofs. We foure set vpon some d

Fals. Sixteene, at least, my Lo

Rofs. And bound them.

Peto. No, no, they were not bou

Fal. You rogue they were bou
ama few else, an Ebrew Iew.

Rofs. As we were sharing, som
vpon vs.

Fal. And vnbound the rest, and

Prin. What, fought yee with th

Fals. All? I know not what yee
with fifty of them, I am a bunch
two or three and fifty vpon poore
leg'd creature.

Poin. Pray God, you haue no

Fals. Nay that's past praying fo
them. Two I am sure I haue paye
futes: I tel thee what, *Hal*, if I tell
me Horse: thou knowest my old
bore my point; foure rogues in Bu

Prin. What, foure? thou said'st b

Fals. Foure *Hal*, I told thee fou

Poin. I, I, he said foure.

Fals. These foure came all a fro
I made no more adoe, but tooke
Target, thus.

Prin. Seuen? why therewere

Fals. In Buckrom.

Poin. I, foure, in Buckrome sui

Fals. Seuen, by these Hiltes, or

Prin. Prethee let him alone, we

Fals. Doeft thou heare me *Hal*?

Prin. I and marke thee too, *Iac*